

Melanie Bush did not enjoy being spanked. This was unfortunate, because at that moment she was facedown across the Doctor's knee, receiving the longest, soundest spanking of her young life. And all for trying to do what was best for him, she thought ruefully, before the stinging impact of yet another hefty slap broke her train of thought. It had happened like this...

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The door of the TARDIS pantry slid upwards with a swish. The Doctor rubbed his hands in gleeful anticipation, then looked in to find the cupboard bare. He frowned. He had stashed twenty boxes of Altanovian meat pies that very morning while Mel wasn't looking. He'd been pleased with himself for thinking to convert the remains of the Zero Room into a pantry: its inbuilt temporal stasis conditions would keep the food fresh forever, and he could have an illicit, cholesterol-heavy blowout whenever he felt like it. The pies just couldn't have vanished! Certain they must be somewhere, he scanned every inch of the space, until his eyes came to rest on a single incriminating carton of carrot juice.

'Oh Melanie,' he called, his voice echoing through the corridors of the TARDIS. 'Would you come here a moment, please?'

'I can't right now, Doctor,' she called back. 'I'm busy.'

'Busy? Busy? I'd like to be busy having supper,' shouted the Doctor, with an edge of irritation in his voice.

'There's plenty of meal options in the TARDIS food machine,' replied Mel brightly. 'And since I reprogrammed it, they're all healthy and completely fatfree.'

The Doctor fumed silently, and stalked towards the console room. Mel stood by the console, counting a wad of notes. Through the open doors of the TARDIS, the Doctor saw the back of a large truck driving away. He caught his breath at the sight of the logo: GALATRON PIES.

'You sold my supper, my entire stock of Altanovian meat pies!' he roared. But there was no time to lose: he had to catch the truck and repossess its contents before it was too late. His eyes darted around the console room and lighted on a bicycle. He leapt on and began to pedal frantically after the

receding truck, only to find himself going nowhere.

Mel screeched with laughter as the Doctor dismounted from the exercise bike. He shot her a murderous look as he crossed to the console. 'I'm not beaten yet,' he whispered. 'My TARDIS can outrun a truck anyday.' His hands darted over the controls. 'A moving target's always harder, but I think that should put us right inside the back.' He glanced across at Mel. 'And you had better prepare for some heavy lifting, because you're putting every one of those pies back where they came from!' He pressed the red dematerialization lever with a triumphant flourish.

The TARDIS's wheezing and groaning sounded more sickly than usual. 'I don't think so, Doctor,' said Mel, smiling. 'You see, I've had another little modification made, to help you with your diet.'

The Doctor stared at her with a face like thunder. 'You've been tampering with the TARDIS!'

'Not me personally,' she retorted. 'I can manage the food machine, but I'm not really qualified for technology this advanced. So I called in a firm to do the job for me. Retsam Temporal Engineering. A nice man with a funny name came in this morning.'

'\*What\* name?' growled the Doctor.

'Oh, I can't pronounce it. He left his business card. Here.' She handed the Doctor a neat square of card with the name YELNI NOYATHNA printed in blue. 'The poor man had a skin condition,' she added, babbling now to distract the Doctor from his budding explosion. 'It made his face look all rubbery.'

'And just what,' hissed the Doctor, 'did you have this person do to my TARDIS?'

'Oh, he modified the telepathic circuits, so that if you ever think of food when you set the coordinates, the TARDIS will cut out.' She smiled. 'Just in case you should lose your self-control, Doctor.'

'Only it didn't cut out, did it? At least, not right away!' Mel looked confused. 'We dematerialized first, and now we're stuck out here in the time vortex

until I can strip down the console and undo the modification. Always assuming he hasn't boobytrapped it.' He gave the circuits an experimental prod, then hurriedly drew back his finger as a blue spark arced across.

'But you can get us out of here, can't you Doctor?' said Mel, trying to sound more hopeful than she felt.

'I think you can rely on a man of my talents to master a simple task like that,' crowed the Doctor. 'But it will take at least a week.'

'A week!'

'A week. A mere drop in the ocean of eternity.' The Doctor's face fell. 'A tedious week's work trying to undo the damage,' he growled. 'A week living on fatfree rations from that vandalized food machine.'

Mel decided it was time for her to make an exit. She stood erect, stretching her arms downwards, smoothing down the pleats of her white miniskirt at the sides. 'Well, at least it'll give me lots of time to catch up in the TARDIS gym,' she chirped.

'I wouldn't plan on doing any situps,' snarled the Doctor, taking her by the shoulder with one hand and a straightbacked chair with the other. 'Or anything else involving sitting, for that matter.'

Mel's ginger curls cascaded downwards as the Doctor turned her over his lap. She felt a whoosh of air as her pleated skirt turned over. Her trim, athletic buns trembled inside her tight white panties, making the little pink hearts palpitate almost as much as her own. The gentle quivering soon became a more definite bounce as the Doctor began to spank her. Mel bucked as she lay helpless, and learned that in the time vortex, nobody can hear you scream.

'Repeat daily, I think, until we've gotten out of this mess,' said the Doctor. Mel rubbed her bottom ruefully. It was going to be a long week,